MEMORIAL

OF

URIEL CROCKER.

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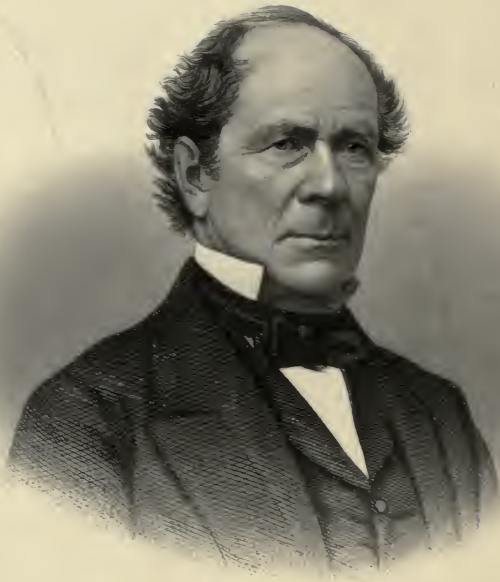

Ariel Crocker

MEMORIAL

OF

URIEL CROCKER.

BORN, 13TH SEPTEMBER 1796.

DIED, 19TH JULY 1887.

PREFACE.

THE following reminiscences of URIEL CROCKER were taken down from his lips by members of his family in the later years of his life, and have been written out by his oldest son in order to preserve for his father's descendants the stories that their ancestor loved to tell of the events of his youth and middle age, — that thereby those descendants may gain some idea, though an inadequate one, of the life and character of their ancestor, of the habits and manners of the time in which he lived, and of the honest and untiring labor and the active and clear-sighted intelligence by the aid of which he accumulated the property which he hoped would remain through many generations in the possession of his descendants to ease and cheer their journey through life.

BOSTON, June, 1891.

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Reminiscences

OF

URIEL CROCKER.

REMINISCENCES AND FACTS RELATIVE TO HIS ANCESTORS.

MY father, URIEL CROCKER, was born in Barnstable in 1768. When a young man he came to Boston and there learned the trade of a hatter from Joseph Eaton, — a relative of whom, Mary Eaton, the daughter of Israel Eaton, of Marblehead, he married for his first wife. After his marriage he went to Marblehead to live. By this wife he had one child, who lived but a short time, and his wife herself died within a year after their marriage.

My mother, who was my father's second wife, was Mary James, the daughter and only child of Captain Richard James, of Marblehead. My father and mother were married in February, 1792, and they had eight children. Of these, Richard James, who died early, and Mary were older than myself; and the younger ones were Deborah (who married William Phillips, of Lynn), Richard James, Josiah, Abigail, Francis Boardman, and Elizabeth James, the last two of whom died in infancy. My father died

April 12, 1813, when forty-five years of age. My mother died August 27, 1811, when thirty-seven years of age.

My father's father was JOSIAH CROCKER of Barnstable, who was born Dec. 30, 1744, and graduated at Harvard College in 1765. On October 6, in the year of his graduation, he married Deborah Davis, a daughter of Daniel Davis, Judge of Probate for Barnstable County. This Deborah Davis was a half sister of Daniel Davis, Solicitor-General of Massachusetts. After my grandfather's death, which occurred on May 4, 1780, when he was thirty-five years of age, his widow married Benjamin Gorham. Josiah Crocker's children were, besides my father, Deborah, who married John Lothrop, Mehitable, who married Joseph Parker, Josiah, who died young, and Robert, who was afterwards a brass worker on Union Street, Boston, and who left no descendants.

My grandfather was a school-teacher in Barnstable. He was a great admirer of Milton's "Paradise Lost," from which book he took the name of Uriel,[1] which he gave to my father. In 1775 or 1776 he wrote a pamphlet, entitled an "Indian Dream, drempt on Cape Cod," which was intended as a satire upon the leading men of the county, particularly upon the justices of the Court of Common Sessions. He caused

[1] Mr. Crocker always pronounced his own name U-rī'-el, but in "Paradise Lost" the pronunciation U'-rī-el is evidently called for by the metre. See Paradise Lost, book iii., lines 648, 654, and 690; book iv., lines 555, 577, and 589.

several hundred copies of this pamphlet to be printed in Boston; and one night, after people had gone to bed, he and his sister distributed them through the town of Barnstable. They made a great sensation, but all efforts to discover the author were unavailing. His only confidant was his sister. I have endeavored to find a copy of this pamphlet, but without success.

My great-grandfather, the father of Josiah Crocker, was Cornelius Crocker, of Barnstable, known in his life-time as Nell Crocker. He was born March 23, 1704, and lived in the old house in Barnstable that was recently occupied by Mrs. Scudder, the sister of Mr. Barney Davis. He married Lydia Jenkins, and his children, besides Josiah, were Joseph, Lydia (who married a Sturgis), Cornelius, and Sarah, who married Capt. David Lawrence. All of these, except the last, were older than my grandfather. My great-grandfather was a man of importance in Barnstable, and owned considerable property there. He died Dec. 12, 1784, at the age of eighty. His wife, my great-grandmother, died Aug. 5, 1773, at the age of sixty-eight.

My great-grandfather was the great-grandson of William and Alice Crocker, who were married in Scituate in 1636, and moved to Barnstable in 1639. They were the ancestors of the numerous Crockers who have lived in and near that town, or, originating there, have scattered themselves throughout the United States. William Crocker, together with his

brother John, who left no descendants, probably came to this country in 1634, from the neighborhood of Exeter, in Devonshire, England, where the Crockers were an old English family, if we may believe an old saw, which has been preserved, to this effect, —

> "The Croker, Crewys, and Copplestone,
> When the Conqueror came were at home." [1]

My mother's father, RICHARD JAMES, was a sea captain, and my mother was his only child. He died in 1832, aged about ninety, on the day before that on which my oldest son was born. His mother, whose maiden name was Nimblet, lived to the age of ninety-eight. I recollect her very well. She was a great story-teller, and was well acquainted with the Bible. She used to wear a red riding-hood and a red cloak, and was always going out visiting. The wife of Captain James was Mary, a daughter of Col. Jonathan Glover.

In the time of the war of the Revolution Capt. James was commissioned by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to go to Martinique to get firearms, powder, and saltpetre, taking out a load of lumber. I have his original commission, and also a statement of his voyage, made out and sworn to by him with the purpose, I think, of obtaining a pension. I ob-

[1] The name "Crocker" probably signified originally a maker of crocks. The word "crock" is now almost out of use, but is still preserved in "crockery." In the same way the name "Potter" signified a maker of pots, "pottery" being the corresponding word to "crockery."

tained these papers from the files at Washington, having been allowed to take them by Franklin Pierce, when he was President. One of Captain James's vessels was named the "Union," another the "Champion," and another the "Comte d'Estaing." On his first voyage on this business he was chased by the British and forced to run his vessel ashore at Provincetown. The British sent their boats to take possession of the vessel, but he had left a candle burning in the cabin, and they were afraid to board the vessel, thinking that the light which they saw might be that of a slow match that was to blow the vessel up. Captain James went to Truro and got a cannon and drove the British away, and as the vessel had gone ashore at low tide, she afterwards floated off when the tide rose, and he got her safely into Boston. On another occasion Captain James was chased into Chesapeake Bay, and again was compelled to run his vessel ashore, but again he saved his cargo.

When in Philadelphia, after the voyage last mentioned, he bought a horse for the purpose of riding him to Boston. After he bought the horse, he took him out to try him, and happened to get upon a race course, where, as the horse had been trained for racing, he started off around the track and ran away, going round the course three times with the Captain clinging to his neck. Captain James afterwards rode this horse to Boston, stopping at West Point to see General Glover, and seeing Washington also. I have often ridden behind that horse. My grandfather often

took me up to Boston with him in the old chaise. The horse used to take us up in two hours. At every little hill my grandfather would say to me, "Come, boy, get out and stretch your legs."

On another voyage, when carrying a cargo of lumber, my grandfather was taken by the British and carried into Plymouth, England. His crew were put into prison, but he obtained permission to go to Paris. There he became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin and John Adams. John Quincy Adams, then less than twenty years old, was there as a clerk to his father. Franklin and Adams invited Captain James to dine with them every Friday, and at one of these dinners he became acquainted with a Mr. Langdon,[1] of Portsmouth, N. H., a man of considerable wealth, who wished to get home to America. Captain James was finally employed by this Mr. Langdon to go to Nantes and build a vessel to take him home. He had the vessel built, and manned and victualled her. A place, known only to himself and to Mr. Langdon, was built under the cabin floor to put bars of gold in. The voyage was a successful one and they arrived safely in Marblehead harbor. After that time Mr. Langdon and Captain James were accustomed, about once in two years, to make each other visits lasting a week or two. On this voyage Captain James brought home with him a Frenchman, who afterwards lived with him for many years as a cook.

[1] This was probably Woodbury Langdon, a brother of John Langdon, who was at one time governor of New Hampshire.

Captain James lost his property in the latter part of his life. He loaned money to his cousin, Benjamin Eaton, who was unable to repay it, and to Samuel Bartoll, who cheated him by giving him bad security. It was on an execution against Mr. Bartoll that he acquired title to "Bartoll's Head." so called, which I have recently given to the town of Marblehead for a public park, and which in honor of my gift has been named "Crocker Park."

The father of my grandmother, Mary James, was JONATHAN GLOVER, who was born in Salem on June 13, 1731, and who married Abigail Burnham on Oct. 10, 1748. Abigail Burnham was the daughter of Job Burnham, of Ipswich (born 1680), who married Hannah Martin in 1719, and whose children were Abigail, Thomas, Edward, John, Robert, and Benjamin. An uncle of Abigail Burnham, one Benjamin Burnham, is said to have accumulated in India a large fortune which has been supposed by some to be waiting in the Bank of England for his heirs to come and claim it. Jonathan Glover was a colonel in the State militia, and a brother of Gen. John Glover, of Revolutionary fame. He had two other brothers, Samuel and Daniel. The old sword and the English fusee, now in my possession, belonged to Gen. John Glover, who gave them to my father, saying that he gave them to him as he was the only military man in the family. The sword was General Glover's dress sword, and the artist, Martin Milmore, copied it for the sword of the statue of General Glover that now

stands in Commonwealth Avenue. The fusee was taken by General Glover from a British officer at the battle of Saratoga. The original lock of the gun was lost, and I had a new lock made for it. The old pastel portraits in my parlor are those of Jonathan Glover and of Abigail Burnham, his wife.

Col. Jonathan Glover began life as a hatter, but he afterwards gave up that business and went into commerce, in which he was very successful. He owned a wharf in Marblehead at the foot of what is now called State Street. Near this wharf Floyd Ireson was tarred and feathered. Colonel Glover owned vessels which sailed to the West India Islands and to Bilbao and other places in Spain. He owned a house in Marblehead on the street which led to his wharf, and he had another house about two miles from the centre of the town, where he resided in summer. At this place, which was on the road to Boston where the road to Salem branches off, he had a farm, and when I was a boy I frequently went to stay there. The house in the town is still standing. It was a large square house, about seventy feet from the street, with a beautiful lawn in front of it, and a walk up the middle of the lawn. At the present time a three-story wooden building stands on each side of the walk on what was formerly the lawn. Colonel Glover used to ride in a coach with a yellow body, drawn by two white horses. His coachman was a colored man named Cato, who was, I think, a slave. I can recollect riding in this coach.

Colonel Glover married, for his second wife, a widow Greely, whose maiden name was Hitchborn, and who, before her first marriage, lived at the North End of Boston. Her first husband was a sea captain, and she was a sister of the second wife of General Glover.

By her first husband she had six daughters, Nancy, who married Caleb Loring, the father of the late Charles Greely Loring, and who lived on Somerset Street in Boston, where Sleeper Hall now stands; Hannah, who married William Stevenson, the father of the late J. Thomas Stevenson;[1] Fanny, who married first, Edward Loring, the father of Edward Greely Loring, who was Judge of Probate in Suffolk County, and afterwards Judge of the Court of Claims in Washington, and second, Thomas Curtis, the father of the late Charles P. Curtis, Thomas B. Curtis, and James F. Curtis;[2] Isanna, who married Col. William R. Lee, of Salem; and two others, Mary and Betsey, who never married. One of these unmarried daughters at one time kept a school on Mt. Vernon Street, Boston.

About the year 1800 Colonel Glover's wife induced him to come to Boston to live. His residence in Boston was a house on the north side of Beacon Street just west of Somerset Street. There were two large houses there, one on the corner of Somerset Street,

[1] J. Thomas Stevenson was the father of Gen. Robert H. Stevenson.

[2] James F. Curtis was the father of Gen. Greely S. Curtis.

and the other, just west of that on the corner, was the house in which Colonel Glover lived, and in which he died in 1804.

Colonel Glover had several children besides my grandmother. These were Tabitha, who married William Bartoll; Eleanor, who married, first, Lewis Gilbert, and afterwards, a Mr. Skinner; Hannah, who married a Mr. Gerry, and died leaving two children, Thomas and Elizabeth, who married a Mr. Blackler; Abigail, who married Rev. Ebenezer Hubbard, who was the pastor of the church in Marblehead, and whose funeral I attended when I was a small boy.[1] She afterwards married Rev. Mr. Flint, and still later Rev. Cornelius Waters, both of whom, I think, lived in Ashby, Mass., where she died in 1834. There was also a son, Benjamin Stacey Glover, who married Tabitha Gerry, by whom he had three daughters, — Tabitha, who married Samuel Curwen Ward, of Salem; Abigail, who married a Mr. Robinson; and Hannah, who died unmarried. Benjamin Stacey Glover graduated at Harvard College in 1781.

Colonel Glover at one time proposed to the town of Marblehead that he would build for it at his own expense a hospital on Cat (now called Lowell) Island,

[1] Three sons of Ebenezer and Abigail Hubbard were Rev. Ebenezer Hubbard of Hickman, Fulton County, Kentucky, who died Sept. 2, 1858; Dr. Charles Hubbard, who was living in Hickman in December 1858, and Dr. John B. Hubbard, of Rushville, Illinois, who died in 1887. A grandson of the latter, Hubbard Parker, graduated at Williams College in 1880, and was living in Muskegon, Michigan, in 1884.

if the town would enforce quarantine regulations. The town accepted his offer, and the hospital was built and the quarantine enforced. But afterwards some of the people of the town, who had become dissatisfied with the enforcement of the quarantine regulations, which sometimes kept their husbands, brothers, and sons detained for two or three weeks on the island in plain sight of their own dwellings, determined to retaliate upon Colonel Glover as the cause of the trouble.

My grandmother told me that one evening, between nine and ten o'clock, a gentleman called and informed her father that some persons had met in a building near by and were disguising themselves as Indians with the intention of coming that night to destroy his house. Colonel Glover immediately sent his colored man, Cato, to ask his brother, General Glover, to come over. General Glover came, and, after hearing the story, asked his brother whether there were not in the rear of the house a couple of cannon which had belonged to a vessel of his, and whether he had not some powder and balls. On being informed that he had all these things, General Glover said, "Well, Jonathan, you need not trouble yourself about it, we will fix them." Then he told the women in the house to get every candle and candlestick that there was in that house and in his own. He placed the two cannon in the front hall, which was ten or twelve feet wide and extended through the middle of the house. He caused one cannon to be loaded with powder and rock

salt and the other with powder and balls. My grandmother told me that she went to General Glover and said, "Uncle John, we have got all the candlesticks and candles there are in both houses, but we have more candles than candlesticks." "Well, Mary," said he, "have n't you some turnips down cellar?" On being told that there were some there, he said, "I want you to get enough for all the candles you have, and to dig holes in them for the candles, for I want to make this hall a blaze of light." Everything having been prepared, the cannons loaded, and the candles lighted, he said, "Now, girls, I want you all to clear out of this house, for I do not want to have a petticoat here, as there may be unpleasant work before morning." Accordingly the women left and went to General Glover's house. At about half-past eleven o'clock the people were heard coming up the walk, and when they had come about one-third of the way up, General Glover ordered the front door to be thrown open, and, standing with a blazing torch ready to touch off the cannon, which had been aimed down the walk, he commanded the mob, in his military style, to halt, or they were dead men. They did halt, and consequently there were no dead men, and there was no further trouble.

Three days after the battle of Bunker Hill, Gen. John Glover marched his regiment of one thousand men from Marblehead to Cambridge. Jonathan Glover armed, equipped, and fed a large part of these men at his own expense. This was refunded to him

by the town after the war. General Glover's headquarters at Cambridge were in the house known as "Washington's Headquarters," but the house was afterwards given up by him to Washington. I believe that after the battle of Saratoga he marched to Cambridge the Hessian troops that were taken prisoners, and again occupied the same house. These Hessians were quartered on the land in front of Rev. Dr. Lowell's house, where Mr. Gardner Greene Hubbard and others now reside. My grandfather James visited General Glover when he was living in that house, and one afternoon, when I was taking my grandfather to drive, he pointed out the house, and said he had stayed there over a week.

Gen. John Glover was originally a shoemaker, and, in some poetry that I recollect, was said to have left his *awl* for his country. After the war he was taken into partnership in commerce by his brother Jonathan. They both were for several years members of the State Legislature, Jonathan having been a member in 1776, 1777, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, and 1789.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS OWN LIFE.

I WAS born on Sept. 13, 1796, at Marblehead, in the house on Franklin Street since known as the "Pickett House," it having been devised in 1854, by one Moses A. Pickett, to the town of Marblehead as a home for poor widows, "natives of the town." Mr. Pickett, before his death, resided in this house. He was a peculiar man, and some years ago, when visiting Marblehead, I found him standing in front of the house feeding a large number of doves, and when I asked him if he was in the habit of doing this, he replied that he was, and that he "liked doves because they were not *desateful*."

When I was about twelve years old, and was at home sick with the measles, I saw from the window of my father's house, Floyd Ireson, the subject of Whittier's well-known poem, dragged along the street in a dory by a mob. It was a mob of men and boys, not of women, as the poem has it. They had put a lot of tar in a dory, and had emptied a feather bed into the tar, and then had seized Ireson and thrown him on his back into the dory. After he had been dragged about the town, the dory was placed in a cart for the purpose of carrying Ireson to Salem, but the Salem people refused to let the mob come into their town. The old rhyme about the affair, as I recollect it, was, —

"Old Flood Oireson, for his hord hort
Was torred and futhered and corried in a cort;
Old Flood Oireson, for leaving a wrack
Was torred and futhered, both belly and back."

The first school that I went to was Ma'am Abbott's. Afterwards I went to Master Heath's school, and finally to the Academy, then kept by Samuel Greeley, a clergyman, who preached frequently on Sundays in Boston in the North Church on Salem Street. Afterwards he was a deacon in Dr. Channing's church. In August, 1811, the month in which my mother died, I graduated from the Academy as first scholar, and a certificate from the Trustees to that effect was presented to me by the preceptor at the public exhibition.

The boy who stood second in my class at the Academy was Nathaniel Lindsay, who was afterwards, for a long series of years, in command of the largest packet ships between New York and Liverpool. The third in the class was William Borden, who entered the navy as a midshipman about the time I came to Boston. He rose through the various grades until he became the commander of a large sloop-of-war, which was lost with all on board in a hurricane off Cape Hatteras. He was a man of great courage and ability.

It was the custom at the Academy for the older boys to take turns weekly at sweeping out the boys' and girls' rooms and making the fires. Borden and I were always together for that purpose, and we used to think that the girls ought at least to sweep out their

own room. One morning, when the thermometer was below zero, Borden proposed that we should make the fire in the girls' room so that it would not burn. We arranged the fire that way, and pretty soon Miss Dana, the preceptress (she afterwards married Israel Thorndike, who built the house on the westerly corner of Beacon and Joy streets), sent word by one of the girls to Master Greeley that her fire would not burn. Greeley inquired who made the fires that week, and when informed that it was Borden and Crocker, he reprimanded us severely and ordered us to go forthwith and attend to that fire. We were busy all the forenoon with that fire, and did not succeed in making it burn till about half an hour before school was dismissed. Of course, on that morning we got clear of our recitations and studies.

When I graduated from the Academy my father asked me what trade or profession I wished to follow. I told him that I should like to go to sea. I had been accustomed to go out with Skipper Thomas in his boat, and I enjoyed sailing a boat and being on the water. I could sail a boat at that time equal to any one in Marblehead. My father told me that if I was going to follow the sea, I must learn navigation. I liked that first rate, and my father arranged with Captain Story, a brother of Judge Story, to instruct me in that science. My father bought books, slates, and everything that was necessary for me to begin to study navigation, and I was very much pleased; but my grandfather, Captain James, happened to see the

books, and asked what they were for. I told him that they were for me to learn navigation, and that I was going to sea. "You can't go to sea," said he. "None of my descendants shall go to sea." I said, "What am I going to do, then? Father has been and bought all these books and has paid as much as twenty-five dollars for them." But my grandfather replied, "I 'll pay for them. I 'll get you a place. I 'll get you a place."

Soon after this my grandfather took me up to Cambridge to Commencement.[1] My grandfather, my Aunt Martha[2] ("Aunt Patty" we used to call her), and I, all came up to Cambridge in the old chaise. Three grown persons could ride in that chaise very easily.

At Cambridge we put the horse up in a field where a man had a load of hay. Then we went around the common to see the things there, and afterwards we went into Dr. Holmes's old church and heard Edward Everett speak, this being the year when he graduated. Afterwards we drove to Boston and stopped at Mr. Eaton's in Governor's Alley, now Province Street. In the evening we went to the theatre, and did not get back to the house until after eleven o'clock. The next day my grandfather went to

[1] Commencement this year was on August 28.

[2] The person here referred to as "Aunt Martha," was Martha Eaton, a sister of the first wife of Mr. Crocker's father, his first and second wives having been cousins. She afterwards married Hamilton D. Reynolds, of Londonderry, N. H., and was the mother of the late William J. Reynolds, of Boston.

see Mr. Samuel Parkman, who lived on Bowdoin Square, to ask him if he could find a place for me in Boston. Mr. Parkman promised to try to do so, but he did not succeed. That night we returned to Marblehead.

My father afterwards heard through a Mr. Turell, of Marblehead, of a place in the printing-office of Mr. Samuel Turell Armstrong, and on Saturday, Sept. 14, 1811, the day after I was fifteen years old, my father took me up to Boston to place me as an apprentice with Mr. Armstrong. I had to spend a good part of my birthday cleaning up the old chaise and getting the horse ready, and in the morning my father got me up at four o'clock and we drove to Boston. In the afternoon my father drove home and left me. I did not know a soul in the city. On the next morning (Sunday) I got up and looked out of the front door of my boarding-house, which was a few doors north of Mr. Armstrong's store. I looked around, but was afraid to go far for fear of getting lost. Afterwards, hearing the bell of the Brattle Square Church ring, I went there and heard Dr. Buckminster preach.

On the next (Monday) morning I went to work as an apprentice in Mr. Armstrong's printing-office at what was then No. 50 Cornhill, being the same premises that were afterwards No. 47, and are now Nos. 173 and 175 Washington Street.

After I had been in Boston about a fortnight my grandfather James came up to see how I was getting

on. He offered to take me home, but I told him I did not wish to go home until Thanksgiving. The day before Thanksgiving my grandfather came for me again, and I went home with him. We drove home after sundown, and it was a very dark night; and I remember that my grandfather said, "The horse knows the way."

At first I was "printer's devil" in the printing-office, and had to do all the errands. I had to put the wool on the balls, and had to go on foot to Cambridge to Mr. Dowse (who gave his library to the Massachusetts Historical Society) to buy sheep-skins to make the balls out of. Sometimes I bought two or three skins at a time so that I should not have to go again soon. When not doing errands, I used to learn to set type. I learned this so fast that by Thanksgiving I could set up more type in an hour than any one else in the printing-office. For the first four years I got my board (which cost Mr. Armstrong two dollars and a half a week) and thirty dollars a year for clothes, and if I set up more than four thousand types in a day, I got twenty-five cents a thousand for all above that number. I could set up six thousand, and sometimes seven thousand in a day. This money I had for myself, and my father gave me a dollar now and then, but other than that I never got anything from my father or from my grandfather after I was fifteen.[1]

[1] From an original account-book kept by Mr. Crocker it appears that during the first four years of his apprenticeship

I remained "printer's devil" for a little more than two months, or until the coming of Osmyn Brewster, who afterwards became my partner. After he came, he was "printer's devil," and I was a "compositor." He came from Worthington, Mass., and was a chubby, fair-complexioned boy, dressed in a blue corduroy suit, when I first knew him.

In January, 1817, when I was nineteen years old, Mr. Ezra Lincoln, the foreman of our printing-office, purchased a printing-office on Congress Street and left Mr. Armstrong's employ. Mr. Armstrong requested me to take Mr. Lincoln's position, and I did so, though with some reluctance, as there were upwards of twenty compositors and pressmen and seven apprentices in the office, and of the apprentices four were older than I was, — namely, William A. Parker, Amasa Porter, Edward Tufts, and Thomas W. Shepard. I had always been, however, the one who had been called on to do the difficult things that the other men could not manage, and I was able to earn two or three dollars a week over my stint, and after my stint was done I could go out when I had a mind to. Mr. Armstrong told me if I would take the place

he received, in addition to the $120.00 allowed for clothes, the further sum of $180.02, on account of extra type-setting, making in all the sum of $300.02. It further appears that of this sum $95.15 remained at the end of this time uncollected in the hands of his employer, thereby showing that Mr. Crocker's total expenses during the four years, exclusive of his board, which was furnished by Mr. Armstrong, amounted to $204.87, or less than $1.00 a week.

of foreman I should go out as much as I wished. Well, I took the place, and I never had any trouble. I never assumed anything, but went right along and attended to my duty. I never had an unpleasant or unkind word from any of my fellow-apprentices.[1]

[1] The following extract from a communication from an old printer, which appeared in the "Salem Register" for Aug. 9, 1855, gives us a pleasant glimpse of the relations that existed between Mr. Crocker, as the foreman of a printing-office, and the men in his employ: —

"I went to Boston in 1827 and hired myself to Crocker & Brewster, to learn book work, for I had never set up a page for a book in my life, though four years at the business, nor had I ever worked off a book-form at press. I found Mr. Crocker was foreman, and he gave me some copy and a 'stick and rule' for the 'Missionary Herald.' Part of my copy was to be 'leaded' and I was told to 'pick out leads from a form on the stone.' So I went to work and set up my matter solid, intending to lead it afterwards, and was engaged in picking out leads by opening each line and extracting the lead, when Mr. Crocker came along beside me. He said nothing, however, only looked on for a few minutes, and then in his quick and rapid way stepped to another part of the office and brought an empty galley, saying, 'Look here, young man, let me show you a better way than that.' He said this so pleasantly and did it so quick that I felt relieved of a load of a thousand pounds. A few days after this I had a paragraph to 'overrun,' and had spread the lines along a galley, busily getting 'in' an 'out,' when he came along, stopping to notice my awkwardness, but saying nothing. After I had gathered up the lines thus spread out, and was about to do likewise with some thirty or forty lines more, he stopped me, saying, 'Stop a minute, — let me show you.' He then very kindly 'reversed' my matter, and showed me how to take off the words, — a lesson I have had occasion to teach to many a greenhorn since. It was the way and manner in which Mr. Crocker kindly spoke and acted that has caused these little incidents to be cherished as worthy of notice for the imitation of others."

From this time until I was free Mr. Armstrong allowed me two dollars a week for my services as foreman. He told me to manage the office just the same as if it was my own, and if any of the men did not do what I told them to, I was to order them to go downstairs and get their money. The office then ran seven presses. Mr. Brewster left the printing-office about this time and went downstairs into the book store. Mr. Armstrong had at first wished me to go into the store, but I told him I did not wish to do so, as I wanted to learn the printing business so that I should have a trade by which I could earn a living.[1]

[1] Another old printer, one J. S. Redfield, living in Burlington, N. J., wrote in September, 1886, to the "New York Tribune," concerning Mr. Crocker, as follows: "Sixty odd years ago, when I first knew him, he was foreman of the printing-office of the late Samuel T. Armstrong, of Boston, with whom he had also served an apprenticeship. In those days a boy had to serve seven years to learn the printer's trade, but he learned something more than merely 'sticking' type. Press work was then done on hand presses. Machine presses, and even inking machines were unknown. The forms were inked with balls by one man, when another pulled the impression. Eight tokens a day, one thousand impressions on one side, was considered a day's work. Mr. Armstrong was the publisher of 'Scott's Commentaries on the Bible,' a large octavo in six volumes. It was being stereotyped at the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry, in 1824, when I was 'copyholder' there, as they called it. After reading the proofs twice, the revise was sent to Mr. Crocker for his supervision. It was my business to take these revises to him, and sometimes I had to stop and read the copy to him. So I used to see him very often, and I remember being struck with his kind and genial manners, he being a man of probably twenty-eight and I a boy of fourteen."

We printed a good deal at that time for Jeremiah Evarts. He used to write thousands of pages of manuscript in a round, plain hand, hardly altering so much as a word, and it never required more than a few minutes to make all the corrections when the proof was returned. Jeremiah Evarts was an extraordinary man. He could recollect the dates of about everything that had happened since the beginning of the world. He was the father of the Hon. William M. Evarts. Others for whom we printed, Rev. Ethan Smith, Rev. Lyman Beecher, Elijah Parish, of Byfield, Rev. Heman Humphrey, and Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, were more or less careless in their manuscripts, and hours were spent by us in deciphering their words. Frequently, if we could not succeed in making out the words, we would put in words of about the same length that made nonsense, or would leave a vacant space or turn the type upside down.

In those days I belonged to the militia and used to perform military duty. We had to turn out on the first Tuesday in May and on two or three other days in the year, and had to pay a fine every time we did not attend. That military duty lasted from the age of eighteen to that of twenty-one. I never had much to do with a gun, but once, when I was in the militia, the men were all shooting at a mark, and though I tried to get off, I failed to do so, and had to try my skill. It so happened that my bullet struck the bull's-eye, and I gained a great reputation

as a marksman from that one shot, but I was always very careful not to try again, for I knew that if I did, it would be found that I could not send my bullet anywhere near the target. One Monday morning they turned us out and marched us about on the common all day. The next day they marched us to Dedham, ten miles away. It rained so in the night that it shrunk the canvas of the tents and drew the tent pegs out of the ground, and we had to get up and set our tent up again. The next day we marched in the rain at division muster all day till six o'clock, and after dark orders came for us to leave the ground before nine and march back to Boston. That was the last time I ever marched. I was then nineteen. Those three days were too much for me. I had to lug that heavy gun and carry a great heavy blanket on my shoulders. After that I swore off and paid my fines.

At about this time I tried to learn to sing. I used to go to a house in Province Court and practise night after night, and after school we waited on the girls home. One of my fellow-apprentices used to go to Cambridge with his girl, and I recollect that once he had no money to pay the toll on the bridge, and she had to pay for him going over and to give him a cent to pay his toll back. Finally I gave up trying to sing as they concluded I had no voice.

About the time I was free I bought a square of carpet and that desk now in my parlor and some chairs, — one large arm-chair for myself, to sit in

when writing, and some other chairs for company. The carpet cost me eighteen dollars and a half, and the desk seventeen dollars. I boarded then on Washington Street, up one flight, in front of the Province House. The entrance to the house was through the passageway leading to the Province House, and the door of the house was on the left hand side of the passageway. Previously to this I had boarded on the corner of Green and Chambers streets, and at the easterly end of Howard Street in a house that set back fifty or a hundred feet from the street.

When I was free, the journeymen claimed that I must give them a treat. I told them I would do so, but that it must be postponed until Saturday. We fixed up some tables in the attic of the printing-office, and I sent out and got some ham, corned beef, etc., etc. I also had lemonade, punch, and Jamaica rum. I bought a dozen bottles of Madeira wine and paid a dollar a bottle for it. The men, however, did not take kindly to the Madeira, but preferred the lemonade and the rum. I kept a bottle of that Madeira for many years, and finally opened it when my grandson, George Uriel Crocker, came of age in 1884. The men came in from the other printing-offices, and I think there was hardly an office in Boston that was not represented. I guess that treat cost me a pretty round sum, one hundred dollars or more, but I had promised to do it.

At this time we used to begin work at six o'clock in the morning. We had an hour (from seven to

eight) for breakfast and an hour for dinner. In summer we worked till dark, but after September 20th, we had to go back after tea and work till eight P. M. by candle-light (candles ten to the pound). After eight o'clock we went home and "played saw wood" till ten o'clock, and then went to bed.

Somewhere about the year 1820, I was a member of a fire company called the "Conservative Society." Each of us had two leather buckets to take with us when we ran to the fire, and we always kept the buckets ready for use with a bed-key and two large canvas bags in them. I still have those buckets and bags. The bed-key was for the purpose of taking apart the bedsteads that we might find in the houses that were on fire or liable to take fire, and the canvas bags were to be used to put small articles in that might be saved from the fire. The "rules and regulations" of this "Conservative Society," printed in 1811, provided in Article 4 that "Every member shall constantly keep together, in the most suitable place in his house, two leather buckets, two canvas bags, and one bed-key; the buckets and bags to be uniformly painted, agreeably to the directions of the society." Article 5 further provided that "If a building, occupied by any member of the society, be in danger from fire, every other member shall immediately repair to such building, with his buckets, bags, and bed-key, and use his best endeavors to preserve the building, and to remove and secure the goods and effects." Among the members of this

society were Mr. Thomas Minns, Mr. Charles Ewer, Mr. Charles A. Wells, Mr. Melvin Lord, Mr. Timothy H. Carter, Mr. Theophilus R. Marvin, Mr. Harrison Gray, Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham, Mr. William W. Clapp, and Mr. Nathan Hale.

In 1817, just before it was time for me to be free, Mr. Armstrong came to me and said that he was going off on a journey to the Mammoth Cave, and should be absent at the time of my twenty-first birthday. He asked me to continue to hold the position of foreman of the printing-office till he came back, and he promised me that, if I would do so, he would take me into partnership the next year. Accordingly on Nov. 1, 1818, he took Mr. Brewster and myself into partnership with him, the arrangement being that the book-store was to be carried on in the name of Samuel T. Armstrong, and the printing-office in the name of Crocker & Brewster. Jeremiah Evarts drew up our articles of co-partnership.

After 1825 the whole business was carried on under the name of Crocker & Brewster. Mr. Armstrong continued to be a member of the firm until 1840. He was in the habit of visiting the store almost daily until his death in 1850. After he gave up business he became mayor of Boston and acting-governor of the Commonwealth, having been elected lieutenant-governor, and the governor, John Davis, having resigned upon being elected United States senator. The printing-office was always in my especial charge, and the book-store in that of Mr. Brewster.

In 1820 or 1821 we were thinking of publishing an edition of Scott's Family Bible in six volumes octavo, to be printed from ordinary type. I suggested to Mr. Armstrong and to Mr. Brewster that it would be better to stereotype it. There had already been editions published in America from type, one by Woodward in Philadelphia, and one by Dodge in New York, and both these publishers had failed, as was understood in consequence of their publication of this work. These I think were quarto editions. Mr. Armstrong had also published an edition of the work. I showed Mr. Armstrong figures which I had made to show the greater advantage and profit of stereotyping, but he was unwilling to trust these figures. At that time no large work had ever been stereotyped in America, and Mr. Armstrong was afraid to assume the great expense and risk of stereotyping these six large volumes. I showed him that if we stereotyped the work, we need print only five hundred copies at a time, whereas, if we printed from type, we should have to print three thousand copies at once, and thus we could make a large saving in paper, which would help to pay for the stereotyping. Mr. Armstrong used to take my figures off with him, and would come back about once a week with questions which I was always ready to answer. We proposed to Cummings & Hilliard, to Manning & Loring, and to Lincoln & Edmands that they should join in the undertaking with us, but they all declined, and Mr. Manning and Mr. Lincoln begged

us not to undertake it, as they said it would fail us. After two or three months Mr. Armstrong finally concluded to go ahead and stereotype at least the first volume. We were sure we had money enough to pay for stereotyping that. He said that everybody that he had consulted advised him not to do it, but that I seemed to have it on my brain, and to see it so clearly, that he had made up his mind to go ahead.

I at once made a contract for the stereotyping with Mr. Timothy H. Carter. I was to pay every Saturday noon eighty per cent of the price for the work done during the preceding week, and the other twenty per cent was to be paid on the completion of the volume. Every Saturday noon I took the money down to Salem Street, where the work was being done in a large building next beyond the North Church. I was never behind once in my payments. Carter never had to send for his money, and when the volume was completed, I gave him a check for his remaining twenty per cent. When we got through with that volume, Mr. Armstrong took courage and we went right on with the next, and kept on till the whole work was completed. The stereotyping of the whole work took about a year or a year and a half, and cost us about twenty thousand dollars, — a very large sum for us in those days; but it proved to be a very fortunate investment. I suppose I made more money out of that work than out of any I ever published. We printed the Scott's Bible from those

plates as long as I was in the business, and when we gave up our business we sold the plates to Mr. H. O. Houghton. Probably we printed and sold in all twenty or thirty thousand copies of the work. It cost us about six dollars a copy to manufacture them, and the retail price at which they were sold was twenty-four dollars a copy. We got about twelve dollars a copy for those we sold to the trade.[1]

After this Mr. Armstrong always had the greatest confidence in my judgment. He never bought a share of stock or made any investment whatever without consulting me, and he always once a year looked over his property with me to see if any change ought to be made in it.

Every spring I used to go off to the other cities to attend to our business. I had to be away sometimes for six weeks. I would go to Portland, Bangor, Augusta, Worcester, Hartford, New York, and Philadelphia. Generally Joseph Harper and I went on together from New York to Philadelphia to attend the book auctions there. We used to go with Cornelius Vanderbilt, who owned the boats, and who went every morning and came back every afternoon, and we had many social talks with him. In Phila-

[1] In an old account book of Mr. Crocker's there is the following memorandum: "There are in Scott's Bible 569 signatures. It takes for 1000 copies 629 reams of paper. Two presses will print an edition, allowing each press 9 tokens a day, in 21 weeks (27 forms each week). Three presses will complete an edition (9 tokens on each press — 40 forms each week) in a little upwards of fourteen weeks."

delphia the booksellers used to get together a good deal. I recollect one grand entertainment they had there, when, after they were through eating, they all began to smoke. I never could stand tobacco smoke, and I wanted to go out; but I found that every door was locked and nobody knew where the keys were. They never got me to go to any of their feasts again, though they frequently tried to do so.

Travelling in those days was pretty hard work. It took a day and a half, travelling night and day, to get from Boston to New York. I remember that once I started from New York for New Haven in a steamboat which was full of Yale students. When we were within about a quarter of a mile of the wharf in New Haven, the boat got frozen up in the ice and could go no farther. The captain said that when the tide came in, it would break up the ice so that he could get his boat through and up to the wharf, which was in plain sight. I concluded to go below and turn in, and went to sleep and slept till about four or five o'clock in the morning, when some one came and woke me up and said he had been up all night, and he thought I ought to let him have a turn at my berth for a while. I thought I had had my share of it, and so I got up and let him take my place. After a while some coaches were sent round to the other side of the bay, and I took my bag and lugged it across the ice and rode round to New Haven, and went to a coffee-house, where after a while I succeeded in getting a fire. This was on

Sunday. I stayed there all day and went to church. I intended to take the stage for Boston in the evening; but when the stage came along, Green, the driver, said there were nine inside, and so there was no room for me. So I had to grin and bear it, and stay all night. In the morning I took an extra and started; and when we had gone some six or seven miles we found the stage that had started the night before, stuck in the mud. We reached Hartford late that evening and got up at two or three o'clock the next morning and came on to Boston. That Sunday night was the night on which old Dr. Lyman Beecher's church was burned.[1] Another time, when going down to Portland, I was nearly frozen to death. I don't know how I ever lived through so much as I did, but I had so much to do that I had no time to think about myself.

A young man named Haven took Mr. Brewster's place as clerk in the store when Mr. Brewster became a partner. Mr. Armstrong had a high opinion of Haven, and as we thought it desirable to have a branch of our business in New York, we made, in November, 1821, a partnership for five years with Haven, and he went to New York to take charge of a store for us there. Haven was to have half the profits of the business there, and was guaranteed five hundred dollars for the first year and one thousand dollars for each of the other four years. Mr. Arm-

[1] Dr. Beecher's church, which was on Hanover St., Boston, was burned on the morning of the first day of February, 1830.

strong and I went on to New York and hired for the business the store on the southerly corner of John Street and Broadway. After this partnership had gone on for three or four years, I made some figures that satisfied me that there was something wrong in the New York business. I became more and more sure of this until the time fixed for the partnership to expire. Mr. Armstrong had such a high opinion of Haven that he would not believe any harm of him. He told Mr. Brewster that I had a prejudice against Haven, but that Mr. Brewster must not let that affect him. I told Mr. Brewster, however, that I was not willing to be a partner any longer in the New York store, and that I would sell it out to Haven and take his notes, if I could not do any better. In November, 1826, when the partnership expired, I went to New York to meet Mr. Armstrong, who had been travelling in the South, and Mr. Armstrong and I went to the store to look over matters. By good luck I got hold of Haven's check-book and clapped it under my coat, but went on talking about selling out to Haven and what he ought to pay me. Finally we separated, and Haven agreed to meet us in the evening at Bunker's, near the Battery, where Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and I were stopping. When I reached my room I began to study that check-book, and when Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Haven came, I questioned Haven about some of the checks which he had drawn. I began, "Mr. Haven, what did you draw that four thousand dollar

check for ? " He could not recollect anything about it. I pointed out another for thirty-five hundred dollars and another for twelve hundred dollars, but he could not tell me anything about them. Finally I said, " Here is one for twenty-four hundred dollars drawn within a week; what was that for ? " He could n't tell. The terms of the partnership were that no purchase amounting to more than five hundred dollars, and no note for any sum, was to be made by Haven without consulting his partners in Boston. I kept putting questions to Haven till one o'clock, and Mr. Armstrong kept pressing him to answer. About that time Mr. Armstrong, who was pretty tired, as he had been travelling till late the night before, went downstairs to speak to his wife. After he had gone I pressed Haven more strongly, and after about half an hour he took a book out of his pocket and showed me what all the checks were for, and how all the money had been expended. About this time Mr. Armstrong came back and I told him all I had found out, — that Haven had been buying stocks and land, and had been shaving notes with our money. I never saw Mr. Armstrong so excited in my life. He broke out: " Mr. Crocker has always said there was something wrong here, but I always refused to believe it; and here it is ten times worse than he ever claimed ! " We made Haven give us a check for the amount he had in the bank, about five thousand dollars, and at three or four o'clock in the morning I went with Haven to

his house in Lispenard Street and waked his wife and got the deeds to the twenty-six up-town lots which he had bought with our money, paying three or four hundred dollars on a lot. He also signed a dissolution of the partnership, and I went to the newspaper office and had the notice of the dissolution put in the paper. In the morning I opened the store myself and took possession.

Mr. Armstrong came in early, and, about the time when the banks opened, it occurred to me that Haven might go to the bank and draw out that money. I suggested this to Mr. Armstrong, and we started off on a run down the street in the rain, — it was raining like guns, — and we went into the bank and drew the money; and just as we were going out the door we met Haven coming in. Probably if we had been five minutes later Haven would have drawn out all the money. Mr. Armstrong said, "Crocker, how came you to think of this?" I told him that when I had to do with a rogue I was pretty cautious. After I got possession of Haven's books I found that when he had been writing me that he had no money, he was paying out thousands of dollars for stocks or for lots of land.

I hardly ever spoke to Haven after this. We concluded to make no claim on the lands he had bought, as the amounts remaining to be paid on them were so large. The lots were on West Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth streets, near where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands. Haven made some money, I

think, out of these lands, but subsequently failed, and was in reduced circumstances during the rest of his life. He died a few years ago.

When I went to New York at this time I had expected to be gone from Boston not more than a week, but I stayed for six months in charge of the store, till I sold it out. I boarded at the Franklin House, on the opposite side of Broadway, with McNeil Seymour, who had previously kept the Marlboro Hotel in Boston, and who had the Boston custom. My room was on the corner, up one flight, with one window on Broadway and one (the southerly one) on the side street. I finally sold out the store to Daniel Appleton and Jonathan Leavitt. Appleton and Leavitt had married sisters, two Misses Adams, of Andover, Mass. Appleton had been a dry goods merchant before he bought me out, but had failed in that business, by reason of the failure of Adams & Emery. Mr. Adams, of the firm of Adams & Emery, was a brother of Appleton's wife. He was subsequently president of the Firemen's Insurance Company of Boston. A few years after Appleton & Leavitt bought me out they separated, and Appleton moved a few doors nearer the park, between John and Fulton streets, and the business was subsequently carried on in the name of D. Appleton & Sons, — a firm name which has become widely known in recent years.

John Treadwell, who was a boy in the employ of Seymour when I lived at his house, and who at-

tended to my washing and my boots, afterwards became a partner with Seymour, and still later kept the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, when it was first opened. He became quite wealthy. When I was living at the Franklin House, John used to make something by letting my room, with my permission, to ladies who wanted to see shows passing up Broadway.

When I was at the Franklin House there was a man there from Kentucky, named Wykoff. He did not pay his bills, and Seymour told him he must go. He got the notion that I had put Seymour up to taking this action, and one evening he came to my room and charged me with it, and challenged me to meet him the next morning at four o'clock, at Hoboken, with pistols. He was a tall, straight man, with black hair and whiskers, and a very black, piercing eye. I told him that I had nothing to do with the matter, and that it was then so late that I could not get a second and pistols in readiness for four o'clock the next morning. He offered me his pistols, and said I might take my choice. I managed to keep out of his way for a day or two, and he had to leave the hotel, and I saw no more of him.

Some years before the Boston and Worcester Railroad and the Western Railroad were united to form the Boston and Albany, P. P. F. Degrand, Thomas J. Lobdell, and I, with others, as a committee of the Western Railroad, had various meetings with Nathan Hale, William Sturgis, Eliphalet Williams,

David Henshaw, and Samuel Greeley (my old preceptor), a committee of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, to endeavor to arrange a union between the two roads. On behalf of the Western Railroad we offered to unite on the basis of giving the stockholders in the Boston and Worcester Railroad for every five shares that they owned six shares in the stock of the new corporation to be formed by the union of the two roads, while the stockholders in the Western Railroad should have the same number of shares in the new as in the old corporation. The Boston and Worcester Railroad people refused to accept these terms, and, as we were about to separate, I arose and said that I was sorry that the terms which we had reluctantly proposed had been refused, that I believed the roads ought to be united, and that I hoped they would be before long, and that the time was not far distant when the Boston and Worcester Railroad would be glad to unite on terms which should give the Western the same advantages which we had proposed to give to the Worcester. The roads were finally united on the terms I then suggested; that is, giving each stockholder in the Western Railroad six shares for every five that he owned, and giving to the stockholders in the Boston and Worcester Railroad only share for share.

Crocker & Brewster introduced into Boston the first iron-lever printing-press. It was manufactured by John L. Wells, a Quaker residing in Hartford, Conn. We subsequently had five others of the same

manufacture. We also printed from the first power press, — a press that was begun by T. B. Waite, of the firm of Wells & Libbey, and was completed by Prof. Daniel Treadwell of Harvard College.

In 1837, when so many people failed, including all the booksellers in Boston except Crocker & Brewster, our firm met promptly all its obligations, as indeed it never once failed to do throughout the whole of the long period of its existence.

Crocker & Brewster carried on business in the old building to which I first went as an apprentice, for fifty-three years, or from 1811 to 1864. Then we moved to the adjoining building, and remained there for twelve years, or until 1876, when we relinquished active business and sold out all our stereotype plates, copyrights, and book stock to H. O. Houghton & Company.

The estate on Washington Street (now numbered 173 and 175, but formerly numbered 47) on which I began my business life, and where Crocker & Brewster did business for so many years, was bought by me from the heirs of Mrs. Armstrong after her death.[1]

I was married on Feb. 11, 1829, by Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, to Sarah Kidder Haskell, a daughter of Elias Haskell of Boston. At this time I was worth, I suppose, some ten or fifteen thousand dollars. For one year after my marriage I lived at

[1] This estate Mr. Crocker continued to own until the time of his death. By his will he devised it to his two sons.

No. 60 High Street, on the corner of Atkinson Street. Then I bought the house on Lynde Street next north of the West Church, and lived there for eighteen years, or until 1847. In this house all my children — Uriel Haskell, Sarah Haskell, and George Glover — were born. In 1850 I sold this house to Mr. George A. Cunningham, but in 1854 I bought it again. In 1847 I bought and moved into the house No. 23 (afterwards 29) Somerset Street, nearly opposite Allston Street. There I lived for thirty-eight years, or until 1885, when the estate was taken by the city as a part of the site for a new court-house. I then bought the house No. 319 Commonwealth Avenue.[1]

My wife died Jan. 16, 1856, at the age of fifty years.

At the annual meeting of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, held June 17, 1885, the older members of the association gave reminiscences of the visit of Lafayette to this country in 1824, and Mr. Crocker spoke as follows: —

"My recollections of Lafayette are that I was in New York on Lafayette's arrival in 1824, being then about twenty-eight years of age; that there was no

[1] Mr. Crocker continued to reside with his daughter in this house until his death. By his will he gave it to his daughter.

public demonstration on that occasion; that on the day following I was invited by an officer of the navy to accompany Lafayette in a steamer from New York to the Brooklyn Navy Yard; that there were only twenty or twenty-five on the boat; that on our arrival at the navy yard a salute was fired in honor of the General; and that, after visiting the docks and grounds and one of the vessels, we took a boat, in which we went up the East River a short distance and returned by Brooklyn Heights, the Battery, and the Jersey shore, and then we went up to the Highlands on the North River, having been absent some four or five hours. While on the boat General Lafayette recalled several reminiscences of the days when he was in that vicinity during the Revolution.

"From New York Lafayette came to Boston, where he was received with great public parade and universal rejoicing. At the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument my partner and myself and two gentlemen from Connecticut, one of whom was afterwards well known to the public as "Peter Parley," were fortunate in securing a carriage for the day, and as fortunate in getting a good location to see Lafayette and to hear Webster's address.

"Subsequently, also, at the dinner on Bunker Hill proper, to which the company marched four in column, we had seats where we could hear the after-dinner eloquence and wit. It was a notable gala day. Everything which could be used as a vehicle

was brought into requisition, and Charlestown was crowded with people, wagons, and horses. After the dinner our party drove to Prospect Hill in Somerville, to the Washington Elm in Cambridge, and to other points of Revolutionary interest."

ADDITIONAL FACTS.

AS has been before stated, the firm of Crocker & Brewster retired from active business in 1876, but the partnership was not then dissolved, and in fact continued in existence until it was terminated by the death of the senior partner.

In 1868 the firm celebrated the *fiftieth anniversary* of the formation of their partnership by a festival at the house of the senior partner, an account of which festival, taken from one of the newspapers of the time is inserted at a subsequent page.

On Monday, Nov. 29, 1886, the partners celebrated at Mr. Crocker's house the *seventy fifth anniversary* of their first meeting as apprentices in 1811. Both gentlemen were then in good health and stood side by side, receiving the congratulations of the numerous friends and distinguished citizens who called to pay their respects.

On the *ninetieth birthday* of Mr. Crocker (Sept. 13, 1886) he was visited at his son's residence in Cohasset by Mr. Brewster and by very many of his friends.

When the body of Dr. Parkman, who was murdered by Professor Webster, was discovered, Sheriff Eveleth, who was also coroner, met Mr. Crocker, as he was going home to dinner, and stopping him said: "Mr. Crocker, you are the very man I want for foreman of my coroner's jury." Mr. Crocker endeavored to persuade the sheriff to select some other person, but without success. Parting from Mr. Eveleth, he went directly home, ordered his dinner to be got ready as quickly as possible, and immediately after dinner obtained his horses and carriage and started on his afternoon drive. He had barely gone when the sheriff came to the house to summon him. Finding that Mr. Crocker had escaped, the sheriff went for his partner, Mr. Brewster, who was thus forced to fill the unpleasant position of foreman of the coroner's jury in the celebrated Webster case.

Mr. Crocker always derived much enjoyment and much benefit from travelling. Even in his later years he could perform with ease journeys in the cars or in the stage coach that greatly fatigued those much younger than he. In 1871 he made a trip to California, visiting the Yosemite Valley, the Big Trees, Los Angeles, and other places of interest. In 1874, when seventy-eight years of age, he crossed the ocean for the first and only time in his life, and spent four months in Great Britain and on the Continent, apparently enjoying everything as fully and suffering as little fatigue as the other members

of his party, who were all in the vigor of youth. In September, 1883, being then eighty-seven years of age, he went with his partner, Mr. Brewster, to the White Mountains; and as an illustration of his endurance it may be mentioned that on this occasion he left Cohasset in the morning and came to Boston and there took the nine o'clock train for the mountains, where he arrived at about three o'clock; then, after eating his dinner, he was driven in the afternoon to the top of Mount Willard, and finished the day watching the dancing in the parlor of the hotel. On a succeeding day he and his partner visited the top of Mount Washington together.

Mr. Crocker became a member of the Old South Church in 1831, and was a regular attendant at that church until it abandoned its old location on the corner of Washington and Milk streets, and moved to the Back Bay, — a change which he strongly opposed.

Mr. Crocker died from an internal hemorrhage on July 19, 1887, at the age of ninety years, ten months, and six days. He was at the time at the residence of his son, George G. Crocker, on Jerusalem Road, Cohasset. He had been in the enjoyment of his usual health and activity until within a few days of his death. He was buried in his lot on Pilgrim Path at Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Mr. Osmyn Brewster survived his partner for nearly two years. He died at his residence, No. 32 Hancock Street, Boston, on July 15, 1889, at the age of nearly ninety-two years.

LETTERS.

LETTERS

SHOWING THE MODE OF TRAVELLING BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK IN 1829, AND BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA IN 1833.

Newport, March 17, 1829.
Tuesday, 5 o'clock P.M.

Dear Sarah, — After leaving you about half an hour, that is, at half-past five, we got safely started in the stage, breakfasted at Dedham at half-past six, where I took two cups of coffee, a beef steak, etc., and proceeded; and at eleven arrived at Providence, — no other hindrance than breaking the tire of the wheel, which was replaced by a new wheel in half an hour. On arriving at the boat there was some little snow, but it was thought best to proceed as far as this place. The snow continues, but the Captain thinks the Sound is no place for his boat, the passengers, nor him, and we shall tarry here till fair weather, which there is a fair probability of there being by the morning. We shall have the daylight for the passage, and I hope to be in New York by to-morrow (Wednesday) evening; but, should the storm continue, we shall not start from this place, as the Captain is a very prudent, careful, and considerate man. Among the passengers are Deacon

Noyes, of the firm of Maynard & Noyes, Mr. Joseph Thayer, Mr. J. M. Whidden, Mr. Ward, late of the firm of Ropes & Ward, and Mr. Hyde of Portland, a bookseller, and his wife. I am now in a bookseller's store (Mr. Callahan's), and have begged a sheet of paper, ink, pen, etc., and a privilege at his desk to write this, which he, being one of the fraternity, readily and obligingly grants. We have about sixty passengers, and from appearances, there being no wind and but very little snow, there is but little doubt we shall have a safe passage. With love to your parents, sister Hannah, and Abigail, and all inquiring friends, I remain,

Truly and affectionately your husband,

URIEL CROCKER.

P. S. We stopped at Providence till twelve o'clock, arrived at this place at three P. M., thirty miles distant from Providence and seventy-two miles distant from you. The town is rather pleasant, but dull. I have not yet seen a tavern, neither do I want to, as I have a fine berth with clean sheets, and there is good provision on board, at least if I may judge from the dinner. I take tea on board, as do all the passengers. There being so many, we shall pass the evening, I have but little doubt, very pleasantly, but not quite as much so as I should with you in my own hired house. Hope you will not have your fears raised if you have had the same quantity of snow that we have. Shall write you

soon after my arrival at New York. Till then adieu, with best wishes from yours truly, with love,

URIEL CROCKER.

NEWPORT, March 18, 1829.

DEAR SARAH, — My next letter I intended to have written you from New York, but the snow and lastly the winds have kept us safe in the harbor of Newport, where there is a strong probability of our continuing till the morning, unless the wind should go down with the sun. You have ere this got my letter dated yesterday at this place, by which you will learn of my journey and the manner in which I expended my time till then. Last evening, after two cups of coffee, etc., and walking about deck half an hour, I retired to rest, that is, at eight o'clock. There was considerable disturbance on deck, first getting the steam up and getting passengers aboard, next letting off the steam and making fast the vessel, etc., but none of these things disturbed me, neither did I hear them. At about four I woke and thought from the dashing of the waves, the rocking of the boat, etc., she must be moving on, and accordingly I got up and went on deck. You may judge of my surprise to find her still at the wharf. It being very cold and the wind strong, I returned again to my bunk, and slept till seven, making up my ten hours' sleep. To-day I feel very smart, have not been to the boat since breakfast, but amuse myself looking round

and seeing what is to be seen, which is very little indeed. Dined at a tavern in company with some of the passengers, but think I shall take the remainder of my meals on board. Our fare there is very good, which is what I cannot say of that at the tavern, and costs nothing, — at least, eight dollars pays all expenses, if we are a week going. With much love to you and your parents and sister, I remain,

Truly yours,

URIEL.

ON BOARD STEAMBOAT "CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON,"
Half-past nine A.M., Thursday morning,
Forty-five miles from New York, March 19, 1829.

MY DEAR WIFE, — Having taken a good breakfast, the weather clear, the sun shining, and everything pleasant about us, and a fair prospect of being in New York by two o'clock, I thought it best to spend a few minutes in writing. We left Newport last evening at half-past seven; at eight I turned in, there being some symptoms of seasickness, and shortly fell asleep, which was not disturbed till about seven this morning, and then only by the passengers rising from their sleep. Have not heard from home other than by the steamboat "Washington," which came alongside of us at half-past six last evening, while lying at the wharf at Newport. Her passengers left Boston on Wednesday morning. I went aboard, but could find no one whom I knew or

ever saw. She immediately started, and got at least ten miles before we moved from the wharf. Our boat is the fastest, as we passed her at three this morning, and she is now in the rear of us at least eight miles. On going on deck soon after rising I found the boat nearly opposite New Haven, the steeples plainly in view. There has been nothing since I left Boston but what has passed off pleasantly, and I have more than once wished you were with me to enjoy it. There has been some seasickness. The ladies have all been sick, more or less. They went ashore at Newport on Wednesday, but Tuesday night they had a bad time lying at the wharf, the sea and the wind were so violent, — so much so that it carried away, or rather broke, the topmast; but they all say, that is, the ladies, they feel very well and have enjoyed themselves much. I wrote two letters from Newport, one on Tuesday evening, and the other on Wednesday, which you will probably receive safely. You would be amused to see us here in the cabin. There are two tables, at each of which there are four playing whist; then there are some ten or twelve reading books or tracts; there are five of us writing letters; some peeping out of their berths; and others walking, — all for amusement. Shall soon, that is, in four hours, hope to be in New York, where I shall close this and send it by the afternoon steamboat, which you will get by Saturday morning, and I hope write me during the day and lodge at the post-office before eight in the evening, as the mail leaves

at ten, and address to me at Philadelphia. This ink and paper I am indebted to some one, but to whom I know not, — they have my thanks. Adieu, from your

URIEL.

We move at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

NEW YORK.

P. S. I arrived here at twenty minutes past one, and find myself at the Franklin House. There are some of the old waiters, but the boarders are all new faces, — only one Boston face, and he one with whom I do not wish to associate. Have delivered B. F. Wheelwright's letters, called on him in company with Mr. Appleton. He is a likely looking and, I understand from Mr. A., a real business man. He is doing well. Have received one letter from Mr. Brewster this morning. I got here before me. Shall leave here Saturday morning for Philadelphia, where I hope to see a letter from you. The boat I came on leaves again at five this afternoon, and Deacon Lambert has kindly consented to take this and deliver it. Boston folks are frequently seen in the streets. I noticed a number in walking down Broadway to Wall Street. My countenance is not changed much, as an old brother boarder recognized me at a distance. He seemed much pleased and wishes my company an evening, but my time is so employed I shall not be able to grant it. With love to your parents and sister, and much to you, I remain

Your beloved husband,

URIEL CROCKER.

New York, March 20, 1829,
Friday noon.

My Dear Wife, — Having a few minutes time, and an opportunity of sending you, I improve it. The weather here is very dull and snowy. Saw Mr. Bogart in the street this forenoon. His wife came on the "Benjamin Franklin," which left Providence yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at five o'clock. Passengers only twenty-four hours from Boston. Among them is Mr. Gray, of the firm of Hilliard, Gray, & Company. Left the letter for Messrs. Wards; they say they shall probably get the notes due from Elwell to your father. Mr. Lorenzo Draper is here, that left your street yesterday at five A. M., and also Mr. Benjamin French, and as they do not say anything about fires or other accidents, I presume all is safe. Am now bound up Broadway to Rev. Dr. Tyng's. With much love to all,

Yours truly,

Uriel Crocker.

Philadelphia, March 14, 1833.
Thursday morn.

My Dear Wife, — I arrived here yesterday, as I had purposed, about three in the afternoon, having left New York at half-past six, arrived at Amboy by steamboat at nine, thence by railroad thirty-five miles to Bordentown, where we arrived at half-past twelve, thence by steamboat again to this city. The

railroad cars carry twenty-four, and are drawn each by two horses. There were four cars that came, or ninety-six passengers. We met eight returning, or about two hundred passengers. I cannot say that I am used to it, or that it is more pleasant than stages. On the contrary, I prefer the latter; there is not the monotonous, continual rumbling in stages there is on a railroad. The latter, however, appear to be perfectly safe, more so if anything than stages.

. . . . . .

Your affectionate husband,

URIEL CROCKER.

LIST

OF

SOME OF THE OFFICES HELD BY URIEL CROCKER.

Old Colony Railroad Company. Director from 1844 to 1850, and from 1863 till his death.

Northern (N. H.) Railroad Company. Director from 1854 till his death.

Concord Railroad Company. Director from 1846 to 1866.

Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company. Director from 1868 to 1874. Vice-President from 1870 to 1873. President in 1874.

South Pacific Railroad Company. Director in 1870.

St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company. Director in 1877.

Proprietors of the Revere House. President and Director from 1855 till his death.

United States Hotel Company. Director from 1848 till his death. President from 1863 till his death.

South Cove Corporation. Director from 1840 till his death. President from 1849 till his death.

South Bay Improvement Company. President and Director from 1877 till his death.

Tremont Nail Company. Director from 1858 to 1879. President from 1872 to 1879.

Bunker Hill Monument Association. Director from 1833 till 1869. Vice-President from 1869 till his death.

Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. Treasurer from 1833 to 1841.

Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. Vice-President in 1874 and 1875. President in 1876 and 1877.

Massachusetts Charitable Society. President in 1858. Treasurer from 1859 to 1881.

A Republican Institution. Became a member in 1848. Was Director, Vice-President, and President.

Boston Dispensary. Member of Board of Managers from 1838 till his death.

Mount Auburn Cemetery. Trustee from 1856 to 1865.

Old South Society. Member of Standing Committee from 1836 to 1857, being Chairman of the Committee from 1848 to 1856.

He was also one of the original Corporators of the Franklin Savings Bank of the City of Boston; an Overseer of the Boston House of Correction; a Trustee of the Boston Lying-in Hospital; and a Member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, the Bostonian Society, etc.

The Honorary Degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Crocker by Dartmouth College in 1866.

CROCKER GENEALOGY.

WILLIAM CROCKER married ALICE —— in 1636.

Their children were, —

JOHN, born May 1, 1637.
ELIZABETH, born Sept. 22, 1639, died May 16, 1658.
SAMUEL, born July 3, 1642.
Job, born March 7, 1644, died March, 1719.
JOSIAH, born Sept. 19, 1647.
ELEAZER, born July 21, 1650.
JOSEPH, born 1654.

He married, secondly, PATIENCE, the widow of ROBERT PARKER and daughter of ELDER HENRY COBB. His will is dated Sept. 6, 1692.

JOB CROCKER son of WILLIAM, married MARY WALLEY in November, 1668.

Their children were, —

A son, born Oct. 1669.
Samuel, born May 15, 1671, died in 1718.
THOMAS, born Jan. 19, 1674.

He married, secondly, Hannah Taylor on July 19, 1680, and their children were, —

MARY, born June 29, 1681.
JOHN, born Feb. 24, 1683.

Hannah, born Feb. 2, 1685.
Elizabeth, born May 15, 1688.
Sarah, born Jan. 19, 1690.
Job, born April 4, 1694, died May 24, 1731.
David, born Sept. 5, 1697.
Thankful, born June 16, 1700.

SAMUEL CROCKER, son of Job, married Sarah Parker.

Their children were, —

Samuel, born Dec. 12, 1697.
Cornelius, born Oct. 24, 1698, died young.
Mary, born April 8, 1700.
Patience, born April 18, 1701.
Elizabeth, born Feb. 21, 1703.
Cornelius (2d), born Mar. 23, 1704, died Dec. 12, 1784.
Rowland, born June 18, 1705.
Gershom, born Dec. 1706.
Ebenezer, born June 5, 1710.
Benjamin, born July, 1711.
Sarah.
Rebecca.
Rachel.
David.

He also had a daughter, Tabitha, by a second wife, Judith Leavit.

CORNELIUS CROCKER, son of Samuel, married Lydia Jenkins.

Their children were, —

Elijah, born April 12, 1729.
Elisha, born Sept. 14, 1730.
Samuel, born July 29, 1732.

Joseph, born April 12, 1734.
Lydia, born 1739.
Cornelius, born Aug. 20, 1740.
Josiah, born Dec. 30, 1744, died May 4, 1780.
Sarah, born 1749.

JOSIAH CROCKER, son of Cornelius, married Deborah Davis, daughter of Daniel Davis, of Barnstable, on October 6, 1765.

Their children were, —

Deborah, born 1766.
Robert, 1767.
Uriel, born 1768, died April 12, 1813.
Josiah.
Mehitable.

URIEL CROCKER, son of Josiah, married, first, Mary Eaton, daughter of Israel Eaton, of Marblehead, and, secondly, Mary James, daughter of Capt. Richard James, of Marblehead, in February, 1792.

The children of Uriel Crocker and Mary James were, —

Mary, born Nov. 22, 1792, died Jan. 2, 1876.
Richard James, born Oct. 19, 1794, died April, 1795.
Uriel, born Sept. 13, 1796, died July 19, 1887.
Deborah, born Nov. 12, 1798, died Sept. 6, 1881.
Richard James, born Oct. 29, 1800, died March 9, 1875.
Josiah, born Nov. 9, 1802, died March 24, 1890.
Abigail, born Oct. 15, 1805, died July 25, 1889.
Francis Boardman, April 17, 1808, died July 12, 1813.
Elizabeth James, born Oct. 9, 1809, died April, 1810.

URIEL CROCKER, son of Uriel, married Sarah Kidder Haskell, daughter of Elias Haskell, of Boston, on Feb. 11, 1829.

Their children are, —

Uriel Haskell, born Dec. 24, 1832.
Sarah Haskell, born Sept. 8, 1840.
George Glover, born Dec. 15, 1843.

URIEL HASKELL CROCKER married Clara Garland Ballard, daughter of Joseph Ballard, of Boston, on Jan. 15, 1861.

Their children are, —

George Uriel, born Jan. 9, 1863.
Joseph Ballard, born July 8, 1867.
Edgar, born Oct. 22, 1873.

GEORGE GLOVER CROCKER married Annie Bliss Keep, daughter of Nathan C. Keep, of Boston, on June 19, 1875.

Their children are, —

George Glover, born April 16, 1877.
Margaret, born April 9, 1878.
Courtenay, born Feb. 4, 1881.
Muriel, born March 30, 1885.
Lyneham, born Feb. 18, 1889.

GEORGE URIEL CROCKER married Emma Lilian Aylsworth, daughter of Hiram B. Aylsworth, of Providence, R. I., on Oct. 4 1887.

They have a child, —

Eleanor, born June 9, 1890.

Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

FORMATION OF THE PARTNERSHIP

OF

CROCKER & BREWSTER.

1818–1868.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FORMATION OF THE PARTNERSHIP OF CROCKER & BREWSTER.

[*From the "Boston Courier," of Nov.* 13, 1868.]

ONE of the most singularly pleasant social gatherings of which it is possible to conceive took place on Monday evening of last week at the house of one of our citizens. It was to celebrate the anniversary of the formation of a business firm the foundations of whose honorable and prosperous career were well laid long before Boston became a city, and when the inhabitants were contented with the name and well-earned reputation of the Town of Boston. The old publishing house of Crocker & Brewster, in brief, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of their long-respected partnership; and, considering the many interesting circumstances of its history and especially the survivorship of both partners, after this protracted period, in good health, still carrying on the business, and with the apparent promise of years yet before them (a case of very rare occurrence, espe-

cially in this country), the event well deserved to be celebrated by a cheerful festival. Accordingly multitudes of friends, old and new, as well ladies as gentlemen, were delighted to come together on the evening in question under the hospitable roof of Mr. Uriel Crocker, the senior, though not much the senior, partner of the firm. Among the guests of various professions and occupations, — printers, publishers, bank-presidents, merchants, and others, — were Hon. Samuel Hooper, member of Congress; our present mayor, Dr. Shurtleff, and his predecessors in office, Messrs. Rice, Lincoln, Wightman, and Norcross; and Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, who formerly served Cambridge in the same capacity. These few names, out of many, will show that representatives of all parties were present; and it was extremely pleasant to observe that all diversities of opinion seemed to be forgotten, and that all present met on a common footing of friendly intercourse.

Nowhere but in New England, and perhaps in Scotland, could precisely such a party have taken place. A certain vein of what was most praiseworthy in Puritanism mingled not at all inharmoniously with the festivities of the hour. After time had been allowed for a full flow of conversation, the attention of the assembled guests was called to a ceremony peculiarly fitting the occasion. The respected partners stood together in the centre of the room, and Rev. Dr. Blagden, of the Old South Church, long the pastor of both these gentlemen,

addressed them. We understand that the excellent clergyman had been informed that he would be expected to offer prayer; but a change in the arrangements was thought best after the guests came together, and Dr. Blagden's address, therefore, was quite extemporaneous. We have never heard one more truly appropriate and impressive, and the whole scene was, indeed, peculiarly but most agreeably affecting. Mr. Crocker responded at length, and it gives us much pleasure to print his remarks, not only on account of the singular interest of the simple narrative, but because of the beautiful and salutary lesson which it sets forth. At the conclusion of the exercises the company repaired to the bountifully spread tables; and here the Rev. Dr. Anderson offered a brief and fervent prayer, to which every heart, we are sure, responded. As the hour grew later, the older guests began to retire, but the younger ones remained and enjoyed the music of the fine band in attendance. All the incidents were, indeed, of very uncommon interest, — of a character one is rarely permitted to enjoy with such unalloyed pleasure, which none who were present would have willingly missed, and to which all will look back with heartful satisfaction.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. BLAGDEN.

Mr. Crocker and Mr. Brewster, — It gives me great pleasure to be honored as the medium of your many friends here present this evening, in congratulating you, as I heartily do, on the arrival of this fiftieth anniversary of your connection, as partners, in the business of life. And I cannot omit the duty, either as a man or as a minister, of uniting with you and your friends in thanking God that he has so preserved and prospered you as to allow of your meeting us under such happy circumstances, with your children and children's children around you.

It is not often, gentlemen, that two partners are permitted to meet thus, in an unbroken partnership, after half a century of years. And it speaks much in favor of the good temper of each of you that, after all the toils, temptations, and trials of business you now meet us so harmoniously. It illustrates, in part, the truth of the proverb, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city."

It is also a subject of congratulation for us and for you, on this occasion, to think and speak of the nature of the calling in which you have both been engaged. It has been in the occupation of spreading abroad good learning in the minds of your fellow-citizens and neighbors, in the country and the com-

monwealth; and there is not, probably, a family of your many friends represented here this evening, the members of which have not been benefited by the kinds of useful knowledge you have been engaged in sending through the community.

I may also, in behalf of all here present, speak to you as printers and booksellers in our commonwealth. I understand that the venerated Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, was the teacher and guide of several of the old firms in your profession in this city, as well as of the late lamented Mr. Armstrong, under whose auspices you were both prepared and introduced into your calling. And I remember that seven years ago, if I am not mistaken, you enjoyed an occasion, when I could not be present, of commemorating the beginning of your mutual apprenticeship with him. So that to-night we may recall together not only fifty, but fifty-seven years of life in which you have been happily associated with each other. As we think with you now of those departed years, I am reminded of a true and beautiful sentiment of Wordsworth, not inappropriate to this hour: —

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die.
The child is father of the man;
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

I trust, gentlemen, that your days may be thus bound together by a true as well as a natural piety. Then, when you shall be called home, — and late may it be! — your children and your children's children will arise up and call you blessed. But indeed, gentlemen, I am happy to see, as we look on both of you, that there seems to be in you, as soldiers sometimes say, a decade of campaigns yet for fighting in the battle of life.

Let me again congratulate you, as I take your hands, not only for these many friends, but also for myself personally, on the arrival and enjoyment of this happy occasion. "The Lord bless and keep you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace."

MR. CROCKER'S REPLY.

For some reason or other old printers have a habit of telling, and sometimes of publishing, long stories about themselves. One of them called his book "The Life and Errors of John Dunton," in which, by the way, he gives an account of his visit to our Boston upwards of one hundred and eighty years ago. I have no intention of rivalling him, or Benjamin Franklin, or Joseph T. Buckingham, or Charles Knight, or Peter Parley, in autobiography; but, on such an occasion as this, the thoughts will run back to old times; and perhaps I shall be pardoned

if I talk a little while about myself, or I would rather say about the firm of Crocker & Brewster.

Mr. Brewster and I first met in the year 1811, as apprentices of the late Samuel T. Armstrong. It was in the old building which stood on the same lot where we spent fifty-four of the fifty-seven years that we have been together, the old number being 50 Cornhill; that is, old Cornhill, now forming a part of Washington Street. We left it only three years ago, when we removed to the adjoining store. I had been an apprentice about two months when Mr. Brewster came. It was pleasant to see him, as it removed from me the title which the youngest apprentice in a printing-office has affixed to his name. I well remember how the young apprentice looked, — a plump, red-cheeked boy, giving good promise of the healthy and manly proportions into which he afterwards expanded. I do not care about hearing his description of my appearance at that time.

Our relations to each other and to Mr. Armstrong, during our apprenticeship, were very pleasant. Mr. Brewster and I were the two youngest of the eight apprentices in the office; and we, together with Mr. Parker, who, I am happy to say, is here to-night, are the only ones who now remain. Our partnership with Mr. Armstrong commenced Nov. 1, 1818, and continued till April 1, 1825, when it was dissolved. We were, however, after this time more or less connected with him until his complete withdrawal from all business in 1840; and his daily visits to our

counting-room continued till the very day of his death. Of Mr. Brewster and myself the fellowship in business and in friendship will, I trust, never be dissolved. During all the days of the seven years of our apprenticeship and of our fifty years of partnership I have never received one unkind word from him, nor do I believe that he ever received one from me. If he did, I certainly never intended it, as I know that he never deserved it. As I think of our connection for fifty-seven years as partners and friends, I cannot be too grateful to one whom I always found so faithful and so kind. You will, therefore, excuse me if I take from the Good Book a text for each of my children to remember: "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."

On Nov. 1, 1818 — just fifty years ago yesterday — our partnership agreement was drawn up and witnessed by Jeremiah Evarts, the father of William M. Evarts, the present attorney-general of the United States. Mr. Evarts was pale and slender, and in this respect, and in general features, was much like his son. He also would have been distinguished in law and in politics, if he had not chosen to devote himself, for the latter part of his life, to religious objects only.

In the arrangement of our business, Mr. Brewster attended chiefly to the bookstore. I directed the printing-office, the latter having been wholly in my charge since I was eighteen years of age. The numerous persons in our employ, — and there were

in former years from twenty-five to thirty in the printing-office alone, — were paid in full every Saturday night. This rule we have constantly adhered to. The funds of the firm have always been in charge of Mr. Brewster, who from them, I am happy to say, has always been able and willing to supply the "food and raiment" wants of the poor printer, his partner. However idle we may have been lately, we gave to our business for many years all our industry and skill; and we have always been so successful as to be able promptly to meet all our liabilities, and this too without having ever paid one dollar of extra interest; and I am glad to add that we never received one.

We once, however, came very near being compelled to pay extra interest. One of our insurance companies[1] had elected to the office of president a man whom I had long known. He was very desirous I should become a stockholder in his company, and thus aid him in his new office, which I did. This office had banking privileges for one half of its capital, and he requested that, when I wanted funds, I should borrow them at his office. Our firm, accordingly, once borrowed of him several thousand dollars, giving good bank-stock as collateral. When the money became due, he did not wish it paid, though we were ready, and expected to pay it. At his desire we let it remain for nearly two years, when, the money market being very tight (this was in 1836), he

[1] The National Insurance Company is here referred to.

availed himself of the opportunity to demand its payment, or interest at two per cent a month, stating that there was another firm that would take the money at that rate. We, however, fortunately were able, and paid the note. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham, the editor of the "Courier," in a conversation with me on the scarcity of money and the high rate of interest, said that he had received several communications complaining that this insurance office was loaning money and exacting more than the legal interest. I thereupon stated that I had no doubt of it; that the company in question had demanded two per cent a month of us. This, he at once said, ought to be and should be published. Against this I remonstrated, saying that he must not publish it till he had liberty from my partner, whom I would consult; but, without waiting to hear from me, an article appeared on the following morning in the "Courier," giving the name of the insurance company in full; and the facts were stated in Mr. Buckingham's strong and severe style.[1] The president of the company called on him, and I was given as the authority. The president then called on me, and in a loud and excited manner stated that it was a false and libellous article, and ordered me to contradict it at once, or I should be prosecuted for a libel on the company, and should suffer the severest

[1] The article here referred to may be found in the "Boston Courier" of Thursday, Dec. 8, 1836. Further articles on the same subject appeared in the same paper on Dec. 10 and Dec. 13.

penalties of the law for that offence. I frankly stated that I had not desired its publication; but it was published, it was true, and I could not and should not contradict one word. He then said he should call a meeting of his directors that day, who would pass votes that would injure my character and credit, and place me where I ought to be. I thereupon politely opened the door, and requested him to proceed forthwith, asserting that I was ready and willing to meet the case before his directors and before the public. In the forenoon, as I went down State Street, I found several parties of gentlemen talking about the article in the "Courier." I called on a director of the company, and requested him to put one question when the board assembled. This he promised to do, and did. The question was, Has this office ever taken extra interest? And when put, it was answered in the affirmative. This was pronounced by all to be wrong; it was agreed that it could not be sustained, and that the charter of the company was in jeopardy, if not forfeited; and the meeting ended without having been formally organized. The next day the "Courier" had an additional article even more severe, which was followed by others. Shortly afterwards the directors of the company came together and passed votes ordering all extra interest that had been taken to be refunded, and it was done.

When the legislature next came together, which was in about a month, they appointed a committee

to investigate the subject. The committee called on me for evidence, but at my particular request, the chairman being my namesake and friend, and on my statement of the facts, — that the extra interest had all been returned, that it was taken by the finance committee without the knowledge of the board of directors, who had wholly disapproved of it, and that the finance committee had been changed, — no further action was had. At the time of this occurrence it was generally stated and believed that the distribution of a million of dollars in State Street would not have eased the money market as much as the "Courier's" article had done.

Once we were suddenly exposed to great embarrassment by our confidence in the honor of a wealthy citizen. He had promised to give twenty thousand dollars to a charitable society [1] for the erection of a building suitable for its use, but had added as a condition that an equal sum should be given by others. As another rich man gave assurance that he would see that sum raised, the first promise was regarded as a certain gift; and the munificence of the donor was trumpeted throughout the country. A suitable estate being offered, the society bought it, mortgaging it for the amount of the purchase-money. But the times became hard, and the promised donations not being realized, it was resolved to delay the erection of the building, and to make additions and im-

[1] The society here referred to was the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

provements on the property, by which an income could be secured. These alterations and improvements, after using all their funds, brought the society into debt for materials, labor, interest, and taxes, to the amount of about thirty thousand dollars. The purchase and other proceedings were all not only approved, but expressly advised, by the liberal promiser. In consequence of the additional amount not having been subscribed none of his money was forthcoming; but he pledged himself that the whole sum needed to meet the liabilities of the society should be loaned to it on a second mortgage of the improved property by a moneyed institution in which he claimed to have a controlling influence, though he said that the absence of an officer of that institution would cause a little delay. In the meantime the workmen and others demanded payment; the society could not raise money on its own credit, damaged by the project of building; and, in an hour of perhaps foolish zeal for the society's good name, in which we felt an interest, we (that is, Crocker & Brewster) gave our indorsement on the treasurer's notes for a short time for a sum sufficient to meet the liabilities. These notes were discounted by the banks, and the debts were paid. This we were urged to do by the promiser of the donation himself, who gave his pledge to us personally that the money should be furnished on the mortgage in season, and that no embarrassment should be caused to us by our indorsements. His promises were repeated till

the day when the first note for ten thousand dollars was due; but after all not a dollar was provided by him, and we were left to meet, as best we could, that note and the other obligations due a few days later. Money was then (this was in November, 1847), at two per cent a month, but we were able to sustain our credit and that of the society, and that, too, without the payment of any extra interest. Here ended the connection of the munificent promiser with the society. The other gentleman having failed to raise the other amount, no legal claim existed against him. Fortunately the estate [1] purchased proved to be a good investment. After some years we were repaid our advancements from the rents which have since added largely to the funds of the society. We suppose that many now believe that the promiser really gave the twenty thousand dollars, when, in fact, his unfulfilled promise put in jeopardy those who interposed to save the property and credit of the society.

The first large work we published was Scott's Family Bible in six royal octavo volumes. This was stereotyped, and I believe it was the first large work that was stereotyped in this country. It was a great experiment for those days (1820); and many of the older booksellers prophesied that we should not be successful. We contracted to pay the stereo-

[1] This estate is that on which the Revere House now stands, the estate having been bought originally for a hall for the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

typer eighty per cent in cash each week for the work done, and the remaining twenty per cent on the completion of each volume. We were then young and active; and, having thrown our all into this undertaking, we put forth all our energies, and the result was entirely satisfactory. Our business being extended by this and other publications, we thought it advisable to have a store in New York City, and we took one on Broadway, near Maiden Lane, placing in it one who had been an apprentice and clerk with us. We hired the store, furnished all the capital, and agreed to give him one half the profits, guaranteeing to him at least one thousand dollars a year as his share. The partnership was for five years. At the end of that time, as the accounts rendered by him did not meet our expectations, and as he had intimated that he would like to purchase our interest, I went to New York for the purpose of examining his books, taking an account of the stock, and looking thoroughly into the business, when, to my astonishment, I found sufficient cause for the unsatisfactory state of affairs. Our money, instead of being used in the business, had been employed in purchasing various kinds of fancy stocks and twenty-six house-lots in the upper part of the city. In consequence of these discoveries, though I had purposed to be absent from Boston but six or seven days, I was obliged to remain in New York as many months. I finally disposed of the property to Messrs. Jonathan Leavitt and Daniel Appleton, who were brothers-

in-law. Mr. Leavitt had been a book-binder in Andover, Mass., and was, of course, somewhat acquainted with printing and with books. Mr. Appleton had been a dry goods merchant in Boston, and at that time knew nothing of either. The business was done in the name of Jonathan Leavitt. After having been together for several years, Leavitt and Appleton divided the property, Mr. Appleton removing to a store a few doors distant, where he carried on the business in his own name. Mr. Appleton, having capital, entered largely into the importation of English books and was very successful. The business is still carried on by his sons, and theirs is probably at present the largest publishing house in the United States. Mr. Leavitt was also very successful for a time, but subsequently was not so fortunate as his partner. They have both deceased.

It is not for me to speak of the character of our numerous publications. We believe that they have done some good in the world, and it is pleasant for an old printer, when thinking of the many millions of pages that have issued from his press, to know that there is

> "Not one immoral, one corrupting thought,
> No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

I have referred to one case of unfaithfulness in an agent. We have, however, had but little to do with the courts of law, although there have been several other cases which would have fully justified an appeal to them. Twice only have we found it

necessary to prosecute the wrong-doers, and in both these cases the frauds were clearly proved and satisfactory verdicts and good judgments were obtained in our favor. We were never sued but once. The charges against us in that case were some of them in direct contradiction to written documents, and all of them were capable of being disproved by the most positive testimony. After we had answered every charge in the bill of complaint, and had waited long and impatiently, and found the plaintiff not disposed to bring the case to a hearing, we took measures ourselves to compel an early trial, when the plaintiff chose to withdraw the suit, and to pay all the costs and the balance of our account as claimed by us, rather than risk the consequences of a full and public hearing.

For myself, I have been contented with my business and family engagements, and have been willing to let public life alone. For some reason or other my partners have not been willing to confine themselves within these limits. Mr. Brewster perhaps inherited his zeal for the good government of the city and for the right management of public charities from his ancestor, the old Elder Brewster, — that strange but worthy compound of the English gentleman, Dutch printer, Old Colony preacher, ruling elder, and magistrate. For the last twenty-seven years Mr. Brewster has had the care of the funds of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, in which time they have increased from thirty-three

thousand to two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, reckoning the actual cost of the present investments, while the real value of them is much greater. He is president of another charitable society and of a savings bank, and has been an alderman of our city, a director of its public institutions, and a representative and senator in our State government. I have never heard, however, of his having been, as the elder Brewster was, a preacher.

Mr. Armstrong held the offices of alderman and mayor of our city. He was also representative, senator, and lieutenant and acting governor of our State. His whole public life was, I think, honorable to him. Having named him again, I wish to say that the whole connection of Mr. Brewster and myself with him was pleasant, and our mutual confidence unlimited. We knew him intimately. He was true, he was honest, he was kind and generous. I will give one illustration of his character. When he built his house on Beacon Street, he made a contract with a builder to do all the work for a certain sum. The builder fulfilled his contract faithfully, but it cost him nearly five thousand dollars more than the contract price, and he was unable to meet the liabilities incurred by him for materials for the building. In this state of the case Mr. Armstrong wished me to look over the bills and vouchers. I did so, and was satisfied that they were all correct. He then asked my opinion as to what he ought to do. He clearly was under no legal obli-

gation to pay more than the contract price, and I did not wish to give any advice in the matter; but as he urged it, I told him frankly my opinion, which was that he had better pay the full actual cost of the house. "Then," said he, "you really think I had better pay it, though I am not bound to do so." After thinking a minute or so, he said, "I have asked your advice, and you never gave me wrong counsel. To-morrow is my birthday, the 29th of April. If you will come to the office at eleven o'clock (he was then mayor of the city, and his office was in the old State House) I will give my check for the whole amount, and you shall go and settle it for me." And this was done. Few of those who make loud professions of honor and liberality can point in their own lives to an action so truly honorable.

I should be glad to speak of others, of every variety of character and profession, with whom we have been associated more or less intimately during this half-century of active life. But especially would I gladly name many of the trade, our brethren of the printing-office and book-shop, the dead and the living. We have known their worth. We love to cherish the precious memories of the dead, and we greatly value the friendship of the living. May our friends pardon the numerous errata which they have seen in us, and let us hope, in the words of Franklin's proposed epitaph on himself, that we may all of us at last appear in new and better editions, revised and corrected by the Author.

Address

OF

HON. CHARLES DEVENS

BEFORE

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

June 18, 1888.

ADDRESS.

AT the annual meeting of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, held June 18, 1888, the President, the Hon. Charles Devens, in his annual address, thus referred to the death of Mr. Crocker, who had deceased during the previous year.

Mr. Uriel Crocker died at his summer residence in Cohasset, on July 19, 1887, at the advanced age of nearly ninety-one years. His name has stood at the head of our list of Vice-presidents for many years. He was earnestly urged to accept the position of President, especially so on the retirement of Mr. Winthrop, but, for reasons personal to himself, he felt it his duty to decline. To Mr. Crocker the association is under many obligations. In the many pecuniary difficulties which attended the erection of the monument, he was conspicuous by his exertions to accomplish the important work. He was treasurer of the fund which was raised among the members of the Mechanics' Association for the completion of the monument. He was elected a director of this association in 1833, and continued in that position or in that of Vice-president, to which he was chosen

in 1869, to the day of his death. On the occasion of the completion of fifty years of this service Mr. Winthrop, then our President, at our meeting in 1883 said, and the call was heartily responded to: "I call upon you all to rise and unite with me in offering our thanks and congratulations to our valued associate and excellent fellow-citizen and friend, Uriel Crocker, and in expressing the earnest hope that he may long be spared in health and strength, not only to this association, but to the community in which he has been so conspicuous an example of that industry, integrity, public spirit, and patriotism, which have characterized and distinguished the mechanics of Boston from the days of their illustrious leader, Paul Revere." Mr. Crocker was to live more than four years after this well-deserved compliment, in the full enjoyment of health and intellect. Those who were present at our meeting in 1885 will recollect a pleasant speech, containing some reminiscences of Lafayette, made by him in connection with a quite unpremeditated conversation that arose as to that distinguished friend of America. To-day we are not to see the delightful smile and the kind, gracious manner, or to feel the cordial grasp of the hand with which he always greeted us on this anniversary. The day was to him one of deep feeling. It gave him pleasure to meet us here, to welcome us, as he often did, to the generous hospitality of his house, and to converse on the great deed that the day commemorates.

Mr. Crocker was born in Marblehead on Sept. 13, 1796, and was closely related to General Glover of Revolutionary fame. He had received the best education, short of a collegiate one, which the academies of that day afforded. He entered the printing and publishing establishment of Samuel T. Armstrong in September, 1811, at fifteen years of age. Two months later there came to the same establishment another boy somewhat less than a year younger than himself, the son of a physician in Western Massachusetts. I need not say that this was our honored associate, Mr. Osmyn Brewster. Most cordially, in the name and by the authority of all, I am sure, I welcome him to his seat among us to-day, rejoicing that his life is still spared to the community which loves and respects him. Between these boys there arose that friendship which was to endure to the end of their lives. Reared in the best home teaching and influences of the New England families of the time, their friendship had its solid basis in the respect which each had for industry, for capacity, and for unswerving honesty. About the time of their majority they became partners with Mr. Armstrong, but soon purchased his interest, and formed the partnership which was so long and so well known, as printers and publishers. They were partners in active business from 1818 to 1876, the long period of fifty-eight years. During these years there issued from their presses and their publishing-rooms a large number of standard works, almost all of an educational or

religious nature. Their imprint is scattered on many thousands of volumes, which yet are carefully kept and treasured in the land; but it will be found on no book of doubtful character or of questionable morality. It was with a just and most honorable pride that Mr. Crocker was able to say, at a little festival commemorating their partnership: "It is not for me to speak of the character of our numerous publications. We believe that they have done some good in the world, and it is a pleasure to an old printer, when thinking of the many millions of pages that have issued from his press, to know there is

> "'Not one immoral, one corrupting thought,
> No line which, dying, he could wish to blot.'"

Mr. Crocker did not confine the sphere of his activity to his immediate business solely. He was interested in railroad matters, alike in those which concern the business of Boston and in those at a greater distance. Clear-sighted and sagacious, his abilities as a director were often called into requisition, and in some of these companies he served for many years.

The charitable and philanthropic societies found in him always a ready and helpful worker. It was permitted to Mr. Crocker and Mr. Brewster to celebrate together in November, 1886, their first meeting as boys, seventy-five years before. They then received side by side the congratulations not merely of their families and friends, but of many of our

most eminent citizens. Since that day one has gone, one yet remains, and we trust may long remain with us; but it is pleasant to remember, as to each of these noble veterans on the well-fought field of life, that all

> " which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

all have been theirs.

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PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER.

BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER.

THE following copy of an old Catalogue, printed in 1830, will show the character of the early publications of the firm.

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF ELIAS HASKELL.

BORN, APRIL 2, 1768.
DIED, SEPTEMBER 8, 1857.

ELIAS HASKELL.

ELIAS HASKELL was born in Harvard, April 2, 1768, and died in Boston, Sept. 8, 1857. His father, who was also named Elias, died in Lancaster, Mass., on July 2, 1811, aged seventy-six years and six months. His mother was Sarah, a daughter of Enoch Kidder, of Billerica. His brothers and sisters were Moses, Betsey, who married a Mr. Jewett, of Gardiner, Maine, and Sally, who married Joseph Buffum, of Westmoreland, N. H. His father married a second time, and by his second wife had four children, — John, William, Susan, who married a Mr. Wood, and Lucy, who married a Mr. Pond, of Athol, Mass. His grandfather, Joseph Haskell, was born in Gloucester, in 1698, but removed to Harvard, where he died in 1791. This Joseph Haskell was the great-grandson of William Haskell, who was born in England in 1617, and came to Beverly in 1632, but soon afterwards moved to Gloucester.

The following extract from a "History of Fitchburg," by Rufus C. Torrey, published in 1836, shows that the father of Elias Haskell was at one time a

man of some wealth and prominence: "A Judge Oliver of Salem owned a range of lots commencing on Cowden's land near the Fox House, so-called, and thence extending on the river to where Phillips brook unites with the Nashua. This tract embraced the whole of the village (of Fitchburg) and of Crockersville. He also owned a tract a mile square on Dean Hill, so-called, in the westerly part of the town. Judge Oliver or his heirs sold both these tracts to Elias Haskell, who came to this town and built the house now owned by Captain Dean. This Haskell, by selling lots and loaning his money, was reported to be very rich, but he was doomed to experience a reverse of fortune; he was compelled to receive his pay in the pernicious paper currency of the times, which depreciated so rapidly that it soon came to be but little better than brown paper. He afterwards purchased a small sandy farm in the northeasterly part of Lancaster, where he lived for some years and died in poverty."[1] The tradition in the family represents that it was a sense of patriotism and a confidence that the national government would meet in full all its obligations that led Mr. Haskell to take and keep the paper money that finally proved to be worthless.

Elias Haskell was married on Oct. 11, 1796, by the Rev. William Emerson, of Harvard, to Lucy (born Feb. 9, 1776, died Feb. 18, 1861) daughter of John

[1] History of Fitchburg, ed. 1836, pp. 57, 58; ed. 1865, pp. 64, 65; see also p. 92.

and Hannah Priest. She had two sisters, one of whom, Mary, married Jonathan Sawyer, of Harvard; and the other, Mercy, married Reuben Whitcomb, of the same town. The only children of Elias and Lucy Haskell were Hannah Priest, born July 8, 1798, died unmarried, Nov. 14, 1886, and Sarah Kidder, born Sept. 28, 1805, married Uriel Crocker, Feb. 11, 1829, and died Jan. 16, 1856.

From memoranda left by Mr. Haskell we find that he began to keep house on Oct. 12, 1796, in a building owned by Captain Pollard in the middle of the town of Harvard. In April, 1798, he moved to a house in the same town, owned by Deacon Israel Whitney. On Nov. 27, 1798, he moved to Boston, and lived in a house on Russell Street owned by Osgood & Whitney; on Jan. 14, 1800, he moved into a house on Cambridge Street, owned by the same parties; in 1806, he moved to another house on the same street owned by Captain William Kempton; and on Nov. 23, 1823, he moved into the house No. 10 Staniford Street, owned by Mr. George Odin, in which he, and his widow after his death, resided for the remainder of their lives. He lived as an apprentice with Benjamin Kimball from Aug. 14, 1784, to April 2, 1789. "Then let myself to said Kimball to April 2, 1791." He then became a partner with Mr. Kimball, and remained so until Jan. 2, 1798, Mr. Simon Whitney having been admitted to the firm on March 28, 1795. Thus far his place of business had been in Harvard or in Fitchburg.. On May 14,

1798, he commenced business in Boston with Simon Whitney. This partnership lasted until Oct. 30, 1799. From Nov. 5, 1799, to Nov. 3, 1800, he carried on business under the firm of Stephen Gibson & Company in Osgood & Whitney's house. Then he recommenced business with Mr. Whitney in the same house, and on Oct. 4, 1804, he bought of Osgood & Whitney for seven thousand dollars their storehouse and outhouses, together with the land thereto belonging. In 1809 he dissolved his partnership with Whitney and formed a partnership with Luther Faulkner under the style of Faulkner & Haskell. This lasted till 1811. On June 15, 1815, he formed a partnership with Francis A. Foxcroft under the name of Francis A. Foxcroft & Company. This was dissolved by the death of Mr. Foxcroft on April 7, 1818. On July 30, 1818, he began to do business under the firm of Haskell, Calef, & Thacher, but this copartnership was terminated in 1819 by the death of Mr. Uriah Calef. On July 19, 1819, the firm of Haskell, Barnard, & Thacher was formed, which had its place of business on Central Wharf, and lasted till July 30, 1829. On that day Mr. Haskell formed a partnership with Mr. William Thacher, under the style of Haskell & Thacher, and this lasted till the death of Mr. Thacher, on Jan. 29, 1831. Finally on March 1, 1831, he formed with Mr. Frederic Clark the firm of Haskell & Clark, which lasted until Mr. Clark's death, on Aug. 3, 1835. He called Mr. Clark his "last partner."

Mr. Haskell was always known during the later years of his life as "Deacon Haskell," having been for nearly forty years a deacon of the West Church, of which the Rev. Charles Lowell was pastor. The business which he carried on with so many different partners was that of a grocer. He was a small, slight, and active man, and the two miniatures on ivory of him and his wife, now in the possession of the family, are very good portraits of them as they appeared in their later years. His business ventures were never very successful, and he failed to accumulate any considerable property.

Copy of a letter from Rev. Dr. Lowell to Uriel Crocker, relative to the death of Deacon Haskell.

Dear Sir, — Most deeply am I grieved by the sad intelligence you communicate to me in your note of this day. For more than half a century I have been connected with Mr. Haskell as his pastor, and for nearly forty years he has sustained the important and honorable office of a deacon in the church. Circumstances have led to my having a more than ordinary intimacy with him and his excellent family, and in every station and relation in life, in which I have known him, he has manifested unwavering fidelity to duty, having, as I truly believe, the testimony of his conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity he had his conversation in the world. A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children. Such an inheritance has our dear departed friend be-

queathed to his. May they value and improve it as they ought! Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. The memory of the just is blessed!

Most sincerely and deeply, as you well know, do I sympathize with my dear friend, Mrs. Haskell, with Hannah, with you all. In your affliction I am truly afflicted. I cannot promise myself the melancholy satisfaction of being with you, in person, to-morrow. In spirit, if so permitted, I shall indeed be there.

I have said that I sympathize with you in your affliction. Do I not sympathize with you in your joy, in the remembrance of those qualities which rendered him so dear and valuable to us, and in the assurance of the felicity unspeakable, immortal, of which he is now a partaker?

Whilst by faith we mingle our spirits with the beloved departed, may we trace with our footsteps the upward path till we are witnesses and sharers in their joy!

In haste, but from the fulness of the heart, with much love to all.

Your affectionate friend,

CHAS. LOWELL.

ELMWOOD, Sept. 9, 1857.
Tuesday Evening.

THE END.

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